

T H E
J U N T O.

A T Dead of Night when peaceful Spirits sleep,
 And undisturb'd, a peaceful Sabbath keep,
 When only Fiends their balefull Looks display,
 Impatient of Discoveries from the Day,
 The JUNTO fate, in the N---th---rian Dome,
 Studios of Mischeifs, and of Ills to come.
 The President, as usual, fill'd the Chair,
 With serious Aspect, and Malignant Air,
Diseas'd in Body, and *disturb'd* in Soul,
 The one as much unclean as t'other foul,
 On his Right Hand was Old *Volpone* plac'd,
 With Wealth, and every thing but *Merit* grac'd ;
 A Man whose Arts and undiscover'd Wiles
 Had vested him with wrong'd *Britannia's* Spoils,
 And whose All powerful and commanding WAND,
 Like *Aaron's* had distress'd and vex'd the Land.
 The Mansion's *stuttering* Lord and Master next
 Was on the Left on his Posteriors fixt,
 And with a *Grinning* Countenance survey'd
 What Schemes were drawn up, and what Plans were laid ;
 As he made Signs and Tokens all was safe,
 By his *extempore* Smiles, and thoughtless Laugh.
 Near him the Bully *Vice Roy* cock'd his Hat,
 And prattled like a Mountebank of State,
 Of Feats he o'er the Herring-Pond had done,
 And Profelytes to Mother Faction won.
 Of breaking thro' a solemn Stipulation,
 And forcing *Consciencs*, by way of *Toleratation*.
 Nor was their Se-----ry from his Post,
 Without his intermedling all'd be lost ;
 A Peer to be deduc'd to future Ages,
 For buying *Books*, and reading *Title-Pages* ;
 For *Elzivirs* and *Aldus's* entire,
 And being full as *Honest* as his *Sire*.
 The sixth and last was a presumptuous Lord
 More fit for *College-Crusts* than *Council-Board* ;
 A Pirate of a Peer, whose borrow'd praise
 Proceeds from others Schemes and others Lays ;
 Since he now sits in Senate's Upper House
 By *Murray's* Projects, and by *Prior's* Mouse.

Harvard University
Child Memorial Library
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At the end of Night when peaceful Spirits sleep,
And undisturbed, a peaceful Sabbath keep,
When only stands their peaceful Looks display,
Imparted of Discoveries from the Day,
The JURY late, in the N. B. - view Dome,
Stations of Ministers, and of the come
The President, as usual, fill'd the Chair,
With serious Aspect, and Malignant Air,
Gave in his Body, and with his Soul,
The one as much, as clean as other soul,
On his Right Hand was Old Nelson's place,
With his Right, and every thing but Mow's grace;
A Man whose Arts and undisturbed Wiles
Had vexed him with wrong'd Britannia's Spoils,
And while All, away, and commanding WAND,
The Nation's had divided and vex'd the Land,
The Minister's, who was, old and Master next
Was on the left, on his Right, the late
And with a Country Countenance survey'd
What some were drawn up, and what Plans were laid;
As he made signs and Tokens all was late,
By his own eyes, smiles, and thoughts, laugh,
The late, the late, the late, the late,
And he, like a Mountain of State,
Of late he was the Hiding-Lord had done,
And he, like a Mountain of State, won.
Of speaking then, a solemn stipulation,
And making Covenants, by way of Toleration,
Not was there, so, from his Boy,
Without his intermeddling all be left;
A Plan to be deduced to future Ages,
For buying Books, and reading Time Paper;
For reading and, and, and, and,
And being full as House as his State,
The first and last, was a prominent Lord,
More fit for College, than Council Board;
A, more of a Peer, who, who, who, who,
Proceeds from others' Schemes and others' Lays;
Since he now fits in Senate's Upper House,
By Henry's Projects, and by Piers's Mould.